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EDNA AND JOHN: A Romance of Idaho Falls.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY, AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REED," "KELLEN DOWN," "AMIE AND MESSIE LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "THE WOMAN'S SPOKE," "MADGE MORRISON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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Woman's degraded, helpless position is the weak point of our institutions to-day—a disturbing force everywhere, severing family ties, filling our asylums with the deaf, the dumb, the blind, our prisons with criminals, our cities with drunkenness and prostitution, our homes with disease and death.—[National Centennial Equal Rights Protest.

CHAPTER II.

"What's the matter, John?" queried Edna, as her liege lord came sauntering into the dainty suite of rooms which a young couple in their circumstances would not have thought of engaging at the price, had they been brought up with the remotest idea of the value of money.

John was pale and careworn and cross. "I wish I hadn't married!" he exclaimed, bitterly.

Edna had not before seen him in such a mood; but, in truth, she had been wishing ever since they had been twenty-four hours married the very same thing, yet she would not, for the world, have wounded his feelings by saying so.

"Why, John, what's the matter?" and her heart gave a great painful throb of dread and expectation.

"Matter enough, Ed. I'm dead broke! The ole man's cut off my 'lowance, and left me without a shilling. It would have been hard enough if I'd been a bachelor, but with a wife on my hands to support, it's deuced tough."

Edna turned deathly pale. Was this the same adorable John who had courted her so faithfully, who had written scores of model love-letters, any one of which abounded in enough of protestations of eternal fealty to have stocked a lifetime, had they been ratified by conscientiousness.

"Are you tired of me, John?" The question came as though wrenched from her with a spasmodic pang.

"Much good it'll do me if I am tired!" said John. "I'm in for it, and I'd just as well submit to fate."

"It'll be a burden on your hands no longer, John," replied Edna, her lips white and her eyes flashing.

John laughed, impudently.

"What now?" he asked, in a constrained attempt to appear playful.

"Just what I mean, John Smith! God knows I'd be free from you from this time forward if wishing would free me; but the flat has gone forth. I've become your lawful wife and must abide the consequences; but a burden on your hands I never will be."

John attempted a facetious whistle.

"One would think you belonged to the short-haired tribe of the strong-minded, to see you put on airs!" he said, after a painful silence on Edna's part.

The dinner bell rang.

"Are you going down?" asked John.

"No, Mr. Smith. You've enough to do, according to your own statement, to support yourself. I'm going to my mother."

This was a turn in the tide of John's affairs which was wholly unanticipated.

"What new crochets are you nursing now?" he asked, in alarm.

"The crochets of a new and unlooked-for necessity," was the calm reply.

Edna had left her father and mother to cleave unto John, accompanied with but a single change of wardrobe. This meagre allowance had been liberally replenished by the enraptured Benedict, upon the occasion of their marriage; but now that he was taunting her with being burdensome, she would not touch an article that he had bought.

"Mr. Smith," said Edna, for the second time in her life addressing her husband by the name of which she was ashamed, "we must rigidly observe the proprieties. You go down to dinner and tell the inquisitive boarders that I've been invited out. It's half three, you know, for you've given me an unmistakable invitation to go out. After I'm gone, you can pretend you're concluded to go and join me. You can go where you like. I'll go to my mother."

"And get a fool's luck for your pains."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you'll find the home of Edna Smith a very different establishment from the home of Edna Rutherford."

"It can't be any worse than the home of my husband, when he not only has none to offer me, but accuses me of being burdensome, even in the honeymoon," sobbed Edna.

One by one the little trinkets her husband had bestowed upon her in their short-lived period of happiness were laid aside.

"If you had only told me your circumstances, John, I wouldn't have encouraged you to buy these," she said, holding up a glittering pair of gold bracelets, with clasps set in amethysts.

"It goes in a life-time," answered John.

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urge her to remain; how she longed for him to say: "Never mind poverty. We'll live and love and toil together."

It did not occur to her that she ought herself to make such a suggestion. She only realized that John was weary of her. Her pride did the rest.

The single change of clothing she had brought to the new copartnership was away at the wash, and she would not attempt to wait for it.

With a great load of suppressed emotion tugging at her heart strings, and a deep sense of unutterable humiliation overpowering her whole being, the young wife turned her footsteps from the fleeting, unrealized dream of her marriage into the aching void of another rash endeavor, which, led Fortune's wheel turn as it might, could but add to her present perplexity.

John did not believe that she would go. Edna did not mean to go when she had first threatened. She thought he would have said something by way of urging her to remain and bear with his bad humors, or give him opportunity to amend them, while he fancied that she would break down and weep and beg to be reinstated.

Both reckoned without their host, as we have seen.

With a firm step Edna descended the broad stairs and directed herself toward the consummation of the second great folly of her young life.

A few hours' ride and she beheld herself in the little mirror of her mother's great farm kitchen, as pale as a corpse, and panting like a frightened hare.

Mrs. Rutherford dropped the roll of butter she was moulding and instinctively wiped her hands.

"Oh, Edna!"

"Mother, may I come home to stay?" Mrs. Rutherford was almost as badly shocked as she had been over her daughter's elopement.

"You don't mean to say you've left your husband, Edna?"

"Yes, mother."

"Why?"

"He says he can't support me."

"My child, you should have taken that part into consideration long ago. But come into the parlor, dear. I want to talk to you. As Mrs. Smith, I am willing to do what I can for you, though God knows that's very little; but I can't harbor you as a fugitive wife, daughter; not even if my heart-strings break with a longing to do it."

"Why, mother?"

"Because, child, you have taken upon yourself the marriage vows. If your husband casts you off, and refuses to allow you to remain in his custody, you may come to me, of course with your father's permission. I have no rights of my own in the premises. But, if he will not harbor you, there is no alternative. You must look out for your own support."

"Mother, were you always of this opinion?"

"Yes, my child."

"Then, why in the name of common humanity did you not keep me out of a boarding school and bring me up in the kitchen?"

"Alas, child! I had great anticipations for you. I thought your accomplishments would enable you to marry a rich and honored and titled gentleman. You spoiled my dream and thwarted my hopes by a runaway and inferior match. It would do for your father to see you here. There is no telling what he might do or say."

Before her marriage Edna would have willingly risked her own influence over her father in any common emergency. Now she was afraid to meet him, and not without reason.

"Mother," she said, sternly, for she seemed suddenly to have launched, full-fledged, into experienced womanhood, "you can help me, and you must."

"How, child?"

"You must loan me some money."

"I, Edna? You must be crazy. Why, I've never had control of a dollar in all my married life!"

"Do you think father would help me?"

"He swears he will not. Oh, Edna, if you had only remained at home!"

"My mother dear, I'll not reproach you; but I cannot forbear declaring that you and my father are more to blame for my life-mistakes than I. You brought me up a hot-house plant, when you knew I would some day be transplanted to the weather-beach. You concluded me from the society and acquaintance of men, though you knew that such associations were natural and that through all my after life I'd be thrown into the power of a husband. If I have made a mistake, my parents should help me bear it."

Solon Rutherford had entered unperceived and had heard his daughter's truthful speech.

"What now?" he asked, merely as a matter of form, for the news of John Smith's disinheritor had already reached him.

Edna approached him in tears.

"Go to the devil!" stormed the excited father.

"All right!" said Edna. "Mother, farewell! And now, mark my word, encouraged you to buy these," she said, holding up a glittering pair of gold bracelets, with clasps set in amethysts.

"It goes in a life-time," answered John.

How Edna did wish that John would

urge her to remain; how she longed for him to say: "Never mind poverty. We'll live and love and toil together."

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ever read, I wish I had the framing of text books for schools."

"Would you improve them?"

"Indeed I would. I'd teach both boys and girls the ethics of matrimony, financially considered. I'd keep them together during school hours, too, and give them opportunity to get mutually acquainted. Then I'd see that each candidate for wedded experience had mastered some particular business and had learned to apply it practically before legal marriage was possible."

"You're learning lessons rapidly, my dear," said Aunt Judy, as she left her vest to prepare a cup of tea.

"Alas, I've learned too late!" sighed Edna, as she closed her eyes to think and plan.

By and by the frugal meal was ready, but Edna could not eat. Aunt Judy pursued after her like a motherly house cat, but encouraged and soothed her to little purpose.

"There's one thing certain, child," she declared, earnestly; "you've made your bargain and you must abide by it. I'll gladly harbor you for the present, but only with the understanding that you'll return to your duty as soon as your plans are made. If only somebody had harbored, advised, and encouraged me in the long ago—but that's all past—"

"Have you a history, auntie?" cried Edna, with a show of the old girlish interest.

"Yes, child—a buried, and not-to-be-remembered one," was the apathetic answer, while a far-away look beamed in her faded eyes, and a fluttering, half-stifled sigh escaped her.

"You cannot leave your husband, Edna," she continued, after a dreamy pause. "You have crossed the gulf between yourself and girlhood. Grass widows are not to be tolerated in our family."

"But my husband is utterly incapable as a business man, auntie," protested the inexperienced girl-wife.

"Then, dear, you must be doubly intelligent, firm and strong. You have formed a legal, indissoluble tie between yourself and him. You have done this deed deliberately, and must abide the consequences. It's the old adage, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.'"

"But repentance without restitution is fruitless, auntie."

"So the rich man Dives discovered to his sorrow, but 'twas all the good it did him," was the hopeless answer.

[To be continued.]

Barbara Uttman.

She sleeps in the church-yard at Annaberg. Under an old lime-tree rises the tomb erected for her memory by the pious Annabergers. An it is inscribed: Here lies BARBARA UTTMAN, died 14 January, 1851, aged 36 years. She was the only female member of the benevolent Society of the Hartz Mountains.

"Has your husband discarded you?"

"No, auntie; not that, exactly; but he taunted me with being a burden on his hands to support, and I couldn't bear it."

"Is that all, child? Why, bless your simple heart, there's millions of women bearing that taunt every day in meekness and submission."

"No, auntie, it isn't all; but it's enough, goodness knows. Yet there's a greater trouble. There's nothing for a support—nothing at all. John has always lived on an annuity, from which his friends have cut him off, now he's married, and my father won't help us, and neither of us knows how to do anything."

"The more shame for you both, if you don't, Edna."

"I know it, auntie. But what can I do? You know how it would humiliate my friends if I should create scandal here by going out to service or to teach, now I'm married. And it would humiliate me so I couldn't hold my head up, to have the world say my husband couldn't support me."

"Why, bless you, child, there isn't one man in hundreds who has the name of supporting a wife that does it. Look at your father, for instance, and your married brothers. The nucleus of their riches is in their farm-houses, where the wife holds the helm. There was old man Case, down in the Missouri bottom. He was rich, you know. Well, his wife died a few years ago, and he was like a wretch with a main-spring broken. He ran down and remained down. He came here a-courting me one day."

Aunt Judy blushed and hesitated, and she said there was no such thing as prospering without a woman."

"What did you tell him, auntie?" and Edna smiled through her tears.

"Told him I was sorry for him, but not quite sorry enough to walk in the track of the dead Mrs. Case," replied the old lady, with a mellow chuckle.

"Well, auntie, what shall I do? I've resolved that I will not endure the taunts of John about my helplessness. When women were uneducated and kept in utter ignorance of their own dormant powers, maybe they didn't mind it; but it's different now-a-days."

"My child, if you intend to do as you please, don't mock me by asking my advice, I beg you."

"But, auntie, I only want your advice about making a living."

"Edna, dear, you married your husband and took the vows upon you for better or for worse, you know."

"I never thought of the worse, auntie. There wasn't any 'worse' considered in any book on love and marriage that I

DRESS, WOMAN'S FREEDOM, ETC.

By Mrs. S. HEWES, M. D.

Permit me to say a word in regard to woman's dress. It is a familiar saying that it compresses and restricts the free and normal action of vital functions, thereby enfeebling and deteriorating the physical and mental condition of our American women.

We become slaves to the fashions of the day. Perhaps the only publication subscribed for, or read by many a mother of a family, or by the young miss, is a ladies' fashion book, which brings a fresh installment of flounces, puffs, tucks, and ruffles each month.

Suppose you discard this, which tends to enslave and crucify you, for some health journal that will help to make you free. Dress is one of the principal hindrances to woman's freedom.

As to fitness, grace, propriety, delicacy, simplicity and proportion, all are outraged. The belle of the times, it is said, is one panorama of awful surprise.

Her clothes characterize her, she is up-holstered, and her dress has not one of the attributes of nature nor of proper art. She seems a sort of a jumble of broken effects. Custom has reconciled us to these strange figures, but years hence our children will look upon them with astonishment. Such an amount of time is taken, and such a waste of mental power involved in adjusting the manifold mysteries of dress, that but little time can be given to higher objects.

This reaching out after fashion, dress, flowers, colors, variety of patterns, the trivial light fancy work, etc., only proves that woman's intellect must have some object on which to spend its force. We would discard prejudice, and bring women face to face with themselves; let them see their present helplessness, dependent inaction, bound up in silks and laces, with bodies enfeebled and intellects dwarfed—these on one hand, and what they might have been with proper use and culture of the talents which God has given them on the other. Let us snap the chains which have bound us, and step forth free; raise up from the sleep of ages, and dare to assert our own individuality.

This movement for the emancipation of woman is based upon a structure whose foundation stones are right and justice. It will succeed, because it contains a germ already bursting into full bloom, and will continue to unfold, and shoot upward to greet the sunlight of heaven. Think you, gentlemen, that woman would dress the same, and follow in her present walk, were she recalled to the nobleness of position, of duty, of occupation and influence that she might and must arrive at? From the practical knowledge of many brave pioneer women who are doing noble duty to-day, we answer, she would not.

But, with practical unfoldment, with honored labor, and with suitable remuneration for the same, she will rob her person for the true helpmate that nature designed her to be. She will be as the day star that will lead you to a nobler stand-point, and she will give to the world a superior race of men and women that shall rise up in grandeur and call her blessed. Yes, my brothers, the time is at hand. This great array of aggrieved mothers is this hour knocking at your door. They ask in earnest pleadings to be admitted to full communion; to sit by your side; to stand by your side; to work earnestly with you for the formation of more perfect laws—laws that shall give equality to each and every one; to remove the heavy burden of taxation, and let the oppressed go free.

TRUE TO THE END.—Lady Franklin holds a foremost place among the faithful and true. When her husband, Sir John Franklin, did not return at the expected time from his last expedition to the North Seas, apprehensions began to be seriously entertained respecting his fate and that of his brave companions.

Lady Franklin offered rewards of £2,000 and £3,000 to any persons discovering or affording relief to the missing party, or making any extraordinary effort with this object. She appealed to the American people to assist in the search, and she herself determined upon, organized, and to a great extent defrayed the expenses of two expeditions to seek for traces of the missing party.

For years she refused to give up hope, and it was only when Captain McClintock returned with what were considered full proofs of his death, that she rested in her endeavors to prosecute the search. To quote the words of Sir Roderick Murchison: "Nothing daunted by failure after failure, she persevered through years of hope deferred with a strenuous purpose and a sincere devotion which were truly unparalleled."

The little ship "Pandora," which is now acting as the medium of communication between England and the present Arctic explorers, was fitted out in great part at her expense before her death.

MUST DO IT.—Ann Eliza does not propose to be worsted by Brigham Young in the matter of her alimony. The order requiring payment in the case not having been complied with, an execution has been issued and placed in the hands of proper officers, who attached about \$4,000 worth of property, consisting of horses, carriages and other goods, to satisfy the judgment for \$3,600 alimony due the plaintiff.

Ploughing in unbroken furrows six miles long can be seen in Fargo, California. The team start in the morning, and make one trip across an entire township and back before dinner, and the same in the afternoon, making twenty-four miles travel every day.

UNCLE BEN AND AUNT MARJORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

As I told you before, I was quite sick after getting that supper for Tom, but, as he seemed penitent, I didn't mind it so much. I felt like I could endure more if Tom could be brought to see the error of his ways. The house was in a topsy-turvy condition all the time, and before I could go about, everything in it seemed to have given out, for nobody could find anything when it was wanted.

Tom thought he emulated the example of "the man in the land of Uz whose name was Job," and that he even eclipsed that patriarch in the exercise of his favorite virtue, because, in all that time, he didn't say anything worse than "Confound it!" with all his might. I am afraid his constitution would have been injured by this suffering in silence if, just when I began to convalesce, Uncle Ben had not concluded to go to the Centennial. This left Aunt Marjory all alone, but she was not alone more than half a day till she took Tom and me as company boarders. We locked our doors on the confusion within our own house, and without any ado, took possession of Aunt Marjory's pleasant rooms. I wish you could know Aunt Marjory. She is such a good, motherly woman, and everything about her has such an air of comfort that I never see her without feeling as if I had been away and was home at last. Yet, notwithstanding this, her face is seldom free from an expression of quiet concern, and it comes of Uncle Ben's unreasonable. I was not surprised to find that, he being gone, she seemed to breathe easier, and acted just the least bit as if she had but just escaped from bondage; for, though I often bring railing accusations against Tom on account of his having some ways that make me feel like taking to stump speaking, I am always devoutly thankful that he is not like Uncle Ben. When I was a child and visited Aunt Marjory, I always went away with the vague impression that the world was made for Uncle Ben, or, anyway, that he thought so. His is a spirit that was born to rule, and to rule everything; for, while concerning himself about the "weightier matters of the law," he does not think it beneath him to concern himself about the most minute details of household economy. He thinks he knows more than the most of people, and especially more than Aunt Marjory. He is a sworn enemy to mismanagement, and don't he know that what is wasted in his kitchen would feed all the paupers in town? As a woman never knows anything about even the first principles of economy, he provides provisions in the smallest retail quantities, and, when Aunt Marjory informs him that there is nothing out of which to manufacture the next meal, he is morally certain that the last supply has been wasted. Didn't he see things going to waste every day of his life? When their three children were at home, and any one of them did anything displeasing to *pater familias*, it was Aunt Marjory who received the blame. He would like to know what in the world she had that child do that for? She was always having them do something wrong. When any of them were sick, it was all because she had let them take cold, or had been giving them unwholesome food. Then down came "Gunn's Family Physician" from the shelf, and symptoms discovered of every disease described in the volume, and the conclusion invariably reached was that the case in hand was one of worms. Didn't he know? And, if Aunt Marjory differed from him, it was because she never seemed to know what she ought to know. It was not surprising that the girl married young, and that the boys went off to the mines, all of which was against Uncle Ben's wishes, but, of course, it was Aunt Marjory's doings.

How nice it was at Aunt Marjory's, with Uncle Ben away, and how gay she seemed! Yet, I thought there must have been a time when his society made her happier than everything else, only the twenty odd years had played havoc with the romance and sentiment. One day, when I was thinking over this state of affairs, and wondering if there wasn't a great deal of good poetry wasted in describing the duration of tender sentiments, Uncle Ben suddenly appeared, valise and traveling straps in hand. When the excitement was over and he had tried to tell us what he had seen, I said:

"Oh, how I should love to go if I had the money! How much did it cost you, Uncle Ben?"

"About three hundred and fifty dollars; but I got the worth of my money. I don't regret spending it for such a sight as that."

"How nice it would have been for Aunt Marjory! Why didn't you take her along?" I ventured.

"I couldn't afford it."

"Well, then, how could you afford to go yourself?" I asked, feeling as if I should like to wish Uncle Ben in the name of womankind.

"Two would spend twice as much. If she had had any money she could have gone, I suppose."

"If she had had any money! Whose money did you spend, I should like to know?" I said, feeling uncomfortably warm.

"Mine. I worked hard enough and

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long enough for it to call it mine," and Uncle Ben looked unutterable things.

"Aunt